

STATE OF NEBRASKA

NEWS OF THE WEEK IN A CONDENSED FORM.

East Bound Freight Standing on the Main Track at Indianola Run Into by West Bound Fast Stock Train—Both Engines Demolished.

Railroad Wreck.
Two freight trains collided in the Burlington yards at Indianola, causing the loss of three lives, slight injuries to four others and damage to railroad property amounting to many thousands of dollars. The dead: Sol Bracer, engineer; E. J. Walters, fireman; Wm. McCall, brakeman. The injured: Engineer Anson, Engineer Burton, Brakeman Lundberg, a stockman, name unknown. An east bound freight standing on the main track was run into by a west bound fast stock train. Both engines were totally wrecked.

COMES BACK WITHOUT GOLD

Chadron Man Makes a Vain Search Along the Copper River.

C. H. Lutz, an old time business man of Chadron has just returned from Alaska, where he spent several months in a vain search for gold. Mr. Lutz left the state last January and went direct to Seattle. From there he set sail with 4,000 or 5,000 men who were bound for the Copper River Basin, away up in the northern regions, believing that the possibility of discovering gold there was better than in the Klondike country. They sailed from Seattle to Prince William Sound and put in at the port and settlement of Valdez. From there the party started out to explore an unknown country, a land where none but Indians had ever set foot, but all these explorers were buoyant in the hope that gold might be found and that they would return as rich men. The party was accompanied by a company of United States soldiers, with forty tons of provisions and a corps of government geologists and guides. The entire Copper River basin was explored, but nothing was found beyond an occasional piece of float, tinged with gold. Not an ounce of gold was found and the men finally wearied of the search and retraced their steps to Valdez and thence sailed to Juneau, Alaska. Mr. Lutz states that he is confident there is no gold in the Copper River region, even though government reports state to the contrary.

Knocks Out Kennard Claim.

Among the opinions just handed down by the supreme court is one reversing and remanding the case wherein T. P. Kennard was allowed \$13,521.99 for collecting certain money from the general government. The court holds that in the joint resolution passed in 1873, which authorized the employment of a collector, there was a special "inhibition of the employment of an agent to collect the 5 per cent. cash school fund accruing to the state," and Kennard's claim being based on the collection of this fund he could not recover.

New Life Insurance Company.
A new life insurance company has been organized at York. It is to be known as the York Mutual Benefit Association, and will combine life with accident insurance. There is also a sick benefit feature. The organization embodies all the principles and benefits of the fraternal societies, without the secret and ritualistic part of the plan. The officers of the new association are among the best known and most substantial business and professional men of the city.

Narrow Escape from Death.

Congressman Sutherland and Mr. Wentworth, while returning from the asylum at Hastings, had a narrow escape from death. A runaway team belonging to Charles Hill came down the road at a break-neck speed. Mr. Sutherland tried to clear the road for the runaway team, but before he could do it the two teams clashed together. One of the horses driven by Mr. Sutherland was killed by having the wagon tongue penetrate its intestines.

Tandem Accident.

While riding in the country near Shelton on a tandem John Towne and Jess Lee ran into a rut and were thrown to the hard ground with such force as to break Lee's collarbone and fearfully bruise and cut both men's faces and heads. The bicycle was wrecked.

Shooting Affray at Superior.

Ivan Simonton, a teacher in the Superior public schools, shot John Jones, an ex-marshall, through the arm inflicting a bad wound. It seems Simonton unmercifully beat Jones' boy in the school room and Jones was attempting to square the account. Simonton previously threatened to kill Jones.

Chicory Factory Opens.

The chicory factory at Fremont has commenced its season's work. The acreage this year is very small on account of the demand for the product not being as was anticipated. Within the past year there has been unusual quantities of chicory imported which has lessened the demand for the home product.

Killed by a Train.

Sheriff Ogg of Geneva was called to Fairmont the other day to hold an inquest on the remains of a strange man who was killed there by the cars. The man had driven into town with a load of potatoes and while crossing the railroad track was struck by a passing engine.

Sugar Factory to Open.

The Oxnard Beet Sugar Company at Grand Island expects to open the campaign at the local factory at once. As the acreage in the vicinity of Norfolk is comparatively smaller than in the former city, some of the beets raised for the local factory are being shipped to Norfolk.

Jail Breaker Captured.

Henry Thornhill, sentenced to death in the district court of Hamilton County in 1893 for the murder of William Barrett, and who broke jail at Aurora on the night of September 29, has been found in Tennessee and returned to this state.

State Dental Board.

The Board of Secretaries of the State Dental Board was in session at Lincoln for the purpose of examining applicants for certificates. Four were examined. The board has gotten out a neat report of its work during the last year. The present secretaries, who have held the position since the passage of the present law, are O. W. Lamberton of Lincoln; W. C. McHenry of Nelson and H. C. Miller of Grand Island. Lamberton was elected a delegate to the national meeting of Dental Secretaries, which will be held at Washington on October 13.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

Theorists Sometimes Rudely Shocked in Sudden Emergencies.

Appropos of the question of cruelty to animals, a correspondent sends this story: Two men were walking along a shady path in the woods of Northern New Hampshire recently. One of the men owned a beautiful dog, and the animal was bounding along in advance of them, sniffing here and there, and looking frequently up into the branches of the tall oaks which lined the way. The men were conversing. Mr. Hotchkiss was talking about his love for all animated nature. His companion agreed with him in that it was a downright shame to kill or abuse helpless animals of any description. The barking of the dog interrupted them. Mr. Hotchkiss spoke in a vexed and angry tone, and, striding forward, he seized a piece of dead wood lying near. "See that dog worrying that poor squirrel!" said he. "It makes me so mad I could kill the dog!"

This somehow reminds the Listener of a speculation into which he was once plunged by the conduct of a favorite cat. The cat, which was a superb black one, wore about his neck a collar, to which the children had attached a little tinkling bell. One day, in the garden, the Listener saw the cat creeping up on a bird in a bush. To prevent the tinkling of the bell from warning the bird, the cat was creeping with such a slow and steady movement that the bell was not shaken a bit, and was perfectly silent. It was an admirable performance. The bird must have seen the cat, but acted as if charmed. Then the Listener wondered "is it my duty, as a humane person, to make a noise and scare away that bird, so that it shall not be caught and eaten?" It occurred to him that it might be inhumane to the cat, after all the pains and skill involved in keeping that bell still, to interfere with his performance. It might be a shock to the whole physical and moral system to scare away the bird at that moment. One should beware of interference with the established economy of nature.

And yet it could not be said that the cat needed the bird. He had abundance of food given him every day at the house. His attack on the bird was mere wanton destruction—a killing for the fun of it, no more justifiable than men's hunting. It would be right to warn the bird. And yet who could blame the cat for obeying his most essential instinct? He had no moral responsibility; his right to kill the bird was derived from the organic law of nature. This was true as to the cat; but did his natural right relieve the human observer from the obligation of humanity? Clearly, he was bound—

But at this juncture the cat sprang swiftly through the air—the bird fluttered—too late! The cat had it in his jaws, and made off with it.—Boston Transcript.

John Paul Jones' Fight.

Henceforward, says Capt. Mahan in Scribner, to use Nelson's words about his own most desperate action—"there was no maneuvering, there was only downright fighting," and great as was Jones' unquestionable merit as a handler of ships, it was downright fighting endurance, of the most extreme and individual character, that won the battle. When thus in contact, the superiority of the British eighteens over the American twelves, though less than at a distance, was still great; but a far heavier disparity lay in the fabrics of the two enemies. The Richard was a very old ship, rotten, never meant for naval use; the Serapis was new on her first commission. The fight hitherto having engaged the port guns of the latter, the starboard lower gun ports were still closed, and from the ships' touching could not be opened. They were therefore blown off, and the fight went on. "A novelty in naval combats was now presented to many witnesses, but to few admirers," quaintly wrote Lieut. Dale, who was in the midst of the scene below decks. "The rammers were run into the respective ships to enable the men to load;" that is, the staves of the rammers of one ship were being loaded. "We became so close fore and aft," reported Pearson, "that the muzzles of our guns touched each other's sides," and even so, by the testimony of the lieutenant on the lower gun deck of the Serapis, her guns could not be fully run out, owing to the nearness of the vessels.

Trees in America.

North American possesses a forest wealth which is perhaps unequalled in any other region on the globe. No fewer than 340 species of trees are known to be indigenous to the United States. Of these 123 grow in Canada, 94 occurring east of the Rocky Mountains, and the remaining 29 on the Pacific slope. Sixty-four of these east of the mountains are therefore unrepresented on the map, but the greater number of them are confined to small areas in Southern Ontario. In Canada and the United States the forests are more commonly called "woods" and "bush." The finest forests of North America, both as to variety of species and luxuriance of growth, were those of the Middle and Northern States, of which Ohio is about the center. These "splendid woods, which have been largely destroyed in the progress of the timent of the country, extend into Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Michigan and Southern Ontario. On any uncleared farm lot in the last named region one might find fifty or more kinds of native trees, all mingled together.

Floating Island of the Danube.

An island of the Danube, called Engel, near Pichment, began one day in May, 1810, to float, and moved a distance of eighty miles before it stopped.

FINE ROYAL PALACES

SPANIARDS CLAIM THE TWO HANDSOMEST ON EARTH.

Description of the Royal Palace, of Madrid, and the Gorgeous Escorial—One Has 10,000 Rooms and Both Cost the Enormous Sum of \$50,000,000.

The old proverb, "Rich king, poor people," has its illustration in the Spain of to-day, for, although the people of the nation are miserably poor and the state is bankrupt, the king is rich. The kings of Spain, with few exceptions, have all been rich; their private fortunes, abstracted, squeezed, or stolen outright from the people they governed, making them rank among the wealthiest capitalists on the globe. Queen Christina is enormously rich in her own right, and when the young king comes to the throne he will be one of the richest men on earth.

The wealth of its kings and the vanity of the Spanish people have prompted the building of many splendid royal



THE ESCURIAL.

residences, so that while the people were sometimes starving the king was spending millions on his palaces. In consequence of the desire to make a creditable appearance before outsiders, Spain is, therefore, provided with royal palaces in abundance. Under the name of villas, country houses, or hunting lodges, they are to be found in almost every province, and, although for many years few of them have been occupied, and some are in decay, they still remain the property of the crown, monuments of Spanish pride.

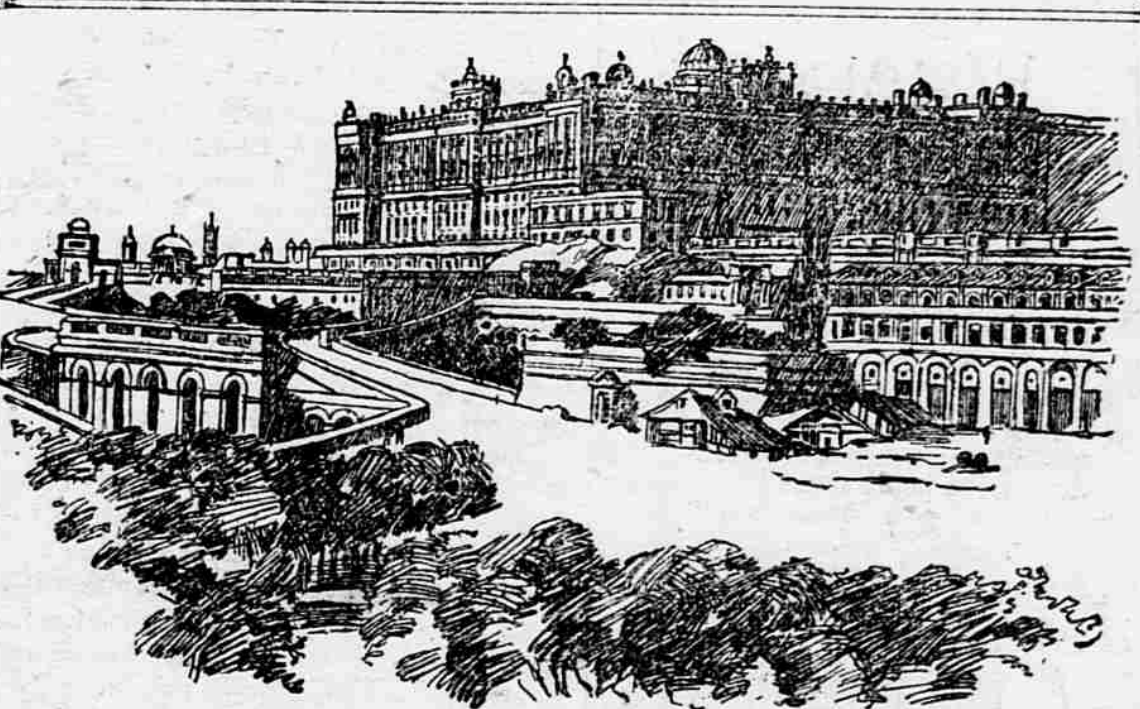
The two finest palaces in the world are in Spain, the royal palace in Madrid and the Escorial. The former is of granite and marble, a huge square structure, and of a size so vast as to occasion astonishment simply at the ground it covers. Four ordinary city blocks of 300 feet on each side are required for the site, and the arrangement of the windows and of the columns on the outside gives the impression of a size much greater. It was commenced early in the last century, when Spain was in her glory, when the viceroys and captains general of America were still sending home to the king, twice a year, fleets or galleons laden with the wealth of the provinces. The approaches to the palace are described by architectural authorities as the noblest stairs and terraces on the globe. The hill is climbed by one flight of marble steps after another, changing and turning in such a way as to convey to the eye of the observer an almost endless perspective, crowned by the

on August 10, 1557, when his army was drawn up in array to fight the battle of St. Quentin, promised St. Lawrence, whose feast it was, that, if victory perched upon the Spanish banner, he would build in honor of the saint the noblest monastery in the world. St. Lawrence was gracious, the Spaniards carried the day, and Philip immediately proceeded to fulfill his vow.

The emblem of St. Lawrence is the gridiron on which he suffered martyrdom, and the ground plan of the building represents this domestic instrument, seventeen ranges of buildings forming the frame and crossbars, while a wing 400 feet long is the handle. The edifice is gigantic in its proportions; 740 feet from north to south do its walls extend, and 580 from east to west; the average height of the walls being about sixty feet, while the four towers at the corners are each 200 feet in height. It contains the royal palace and chapel, 200 monastic cells, three churches, two colleges, three libraries, besides halls, throne rooms, dormitories, hospitals, refectories and innumerable apartments for attendants. Some idea of its extent may be gained by the simple statement that it has

eighty staircases, 1,110 outside windows overlooking its courts, fourteen gates and eighty-six fountains. The great church of the monastery is equal in its dimensions to some of the largest in Christendom. It is a model of St. Peter's; 304 feet long, 230 wide, with seven aisles, forty chapels, a dome 330 feet high, an altar of costly marbles and alabaster rises ninety feet, and is fifty feet in width. Beneath the high altar, so placed in order that the kings should rest under the most hallowed spot in Spain, is the mausoleum of Spanish royalty, a building within the crypt, constructed on the plan of the Pantheon in Rome. Here in niches one above another are the caskets of all the kings of Spain since Charles V. It is said that only one niche remains vacant, and the Spaniards have a superstition that when that niche is filled there will be no more kings in Spain.

The Escorial and the royal residence in Madrid, while they are monuments of the former glory and wealth of Spain, are also records of its misgovernment. Over \$20,000,000 was spent on the Madrid palace, nearly \$30,000,000 on the Escorial, millions more were annually squandered in keeping up these two gorgeous and useless establishments, while the roads were neglected and public works of every kind were absolutely ignored. They are thoroughly in consonance with the Spanish character, only in a land where the beggars proudly wrap about them their tattered cloaks and call each other senior could such edifices be built.



ROYAL PALACE AT MADRID.

great white palace at the summit. At no point on the long stairway is one out of sight of the noble building; to keep it constantly in view was the object of the builders, and so the tiers of steps, with their marble balustrades, serve no mean purpose in enhancing the impressions of the building.

Within, the palace defies description. It is said that there are over 10,000 rooms and halls. It is a maze of passages; its various quarters are entirely distinct, one from another; though communication is easy all over the building, there are old attendants who have spent their lives under its roof and have not visited all its rooms. The apartments for the royal family form only a small portion of the monstrous palace. There are audience halls which rival in size the great public halls of other European capitals; there are theaters with thousands of seats; there are picture galleries; there are private chapels, which in size eclipse the city churches of America. There are throne rooms and council chambers; hundreds of rooms are given up to the attendants and guards, for Spanish royalty is proud, and though the reality of power has departed, still clings to its shadow.

The other great royal palace, the Escorial, is so called from the name of the village in which it is located, twenty miles from Madrid. The Escorial was originally a monastery, and had its foundation in a vow of Philip II, who,

such collections of art, history and religion be made.

A Thoughtful Little Girl.

All Boston children are thoughtful. It was a dear, thoughtful little Boston girl who, when told by her mother of the death of a grandmother she greatly loved, sat silent a while, and then, looking up, said: "Mamma, what time did grandma die?"

"At 4 o'clock in the afternoon," was the answer.

Again the little girl lapsed into mournful silence, until, as though a ray of sunshine had broken through the gloomy cloud, she devoutly exclaimed: "Then I'm so thankful she had dinner first!"—Buffalo Commercial.

Trade of the Philippines.

The latest figures obtainable show that the Philippine Islands import \$9,174,093 worth of goods and export \$19,702,819 worth, leaving in round numbers, a balance in their favor of \$10,500,000. These figures are for 1897, and it is stated that the average value of the trade of those islands is far in excess of the sums given. Business has been much disturbed by the insurrection.

What a sensible woman doesn't know never troubles her, but it causes her inquisitive neighbors hours of untold agony.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

A Tragic Tale of Tea.

The Beetle was blind, and the Bat was blinder. And they went to take tea with the Scissors-grinder. The Scissors-grinder had gone away across the river to spend the day. But he'd tied his bell to the grapevine swing. The Bat and the Beetle heard it ring. And neither the Beetle nor Bat could see why no one offered them any tea. So, polite and patient, they are waiting yet For the cup of tea they expect to get.—St. Nicholas.

A Boy Stronger than a Man.

A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little for being so small, and said to him: "You will never amount to much; you can never do much, you are too small." The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that neither of you can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

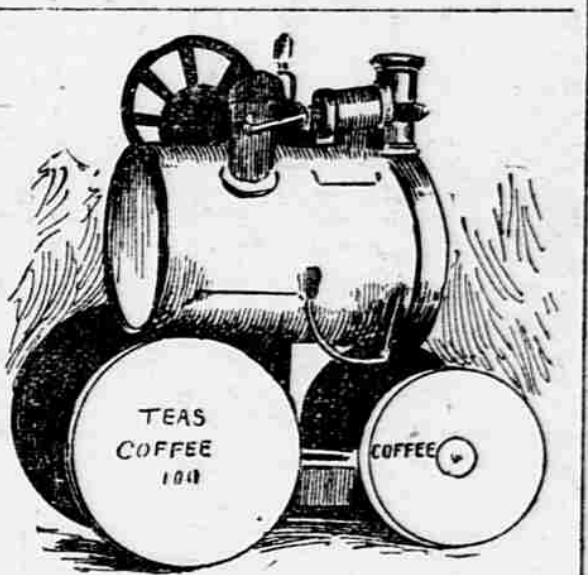
But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that neither of them was able to do.

"I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four faces, and there seemed to be no more anxiety for further information.

A Tin Can Locomotive.

The boiler of this cleverly constructed little engine is a quarter-pound coffee tin; the wheels, quarter and half pound tin lids; the chimney, an umbrella top;



TIN CAN LOCOMOTIVE.

the steam pipe, an india rubber tube; and other parts consist of a knitting needle, a bicycle spoke, a piece of brass lamp, some gas piping, a cartridge end and the screw stopper out of an oil tin.

A German Stork Story.

A pretty story is told in Germany. A stork that had taken up its summer quarters in a certain village became a great pet with the family to whose home he frequently came. Loath to part with him when the migratory season approached, yet not wishing to make a prisoner of him, it was determined to test the idea of whether the same birds came back in the spring to the same places. So a small nickel ring was put around the stork's neck, with the word, "Germany sends greeting to the bird's distant friends," and the bird flew away with his companions. When the spring returned the birds came back, and among a flock of storks that settled down on the roofs of the houses was one that wore a gold ring about its neck. When the bird was caught, on the ring was found an inscription returning the friendly greeting of the German family and sending a message from far-off India.

Success in Tennis Playing.

J. Parnley Pare writes an article on "Lawn Tennis for School Boys" for the St. Nicholas. Mr. Pare says: Any form of ball-playing will help the beginner to judge the flight of a tennis ball through the air, and to estimate the angle and distance of its rebound from the ground, while merely skipping a rope will teach a girl to judge distance and speed. One of the greatest elements of success in lawn-tennis is this ability to judge speed, distance, and angles; and it is a quality that is not born in one, but secured only through long training of the eye by constant practice and close observation. As the ball flies swiftly toward you, you have only a second or two in which to guess where it will strike the ground and how far and how high it will bound.

Before you can become an expert player you must be able to estimate to within a few inches the spot a ball will strike, and to within a small fraction of a second of the time it will take to reach an imaginary point in the air after it has bounded, so that the racket may meet it at exactly the right time and place. I remember hearing Goodbody, the famous English expert, who played in America several years ago, say, one day, that he was feeling in perfect condition for a match. "I believe I could hit a sixpence at the far end of the court," he said. And I have seen Wrenn, the American champion, look at a falling ball, and while it was still high above his head, call, "Outside!" and walk away toward the net with perfect confidence in his judgment. When the ball had struck the ground the umpire declared it to be out, but not more than six or eight inches.

Remarks of the Little Folks.

A little boy was going past a liquor saloon, the door of which was wide open, with his dog, Sport. The dog went in, but his little master was soon

after him, with the following good advice: "Come out of there, Sport! Don't be disgracing the family!"

Mamma was teaching the children the Beatitudes. "What is a peacemaker?" she asked. "I know," said Winnie, proudly, "it's a dressmaker."

"Mamma," said a little miss, "my kitty is sick, and I've been trying to give her some of my medicine, but she won't take it." "Of course not," replied her mother; "cats never take medicine when they are ill." "Well, I declare!" exclaimed the small lady. "Why, who'd think a little kitten like that would trust to the faith cure?"

Tommy, aged 4, had discarded his shoes and stockings one warm afternoon, and while playing encountered a wasp. He ran into the house crying and his mother asked what the trouble was. "I j-just kicked a f-fly," sobbed the little fellow. "Well, that's nothing to cry for," said his mother. "But t-this one had a ss-splinter in its t-tail," was the rejoinder.

A little girl was just recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, and the first day she was able to sit up she said: "Mamma, I guess I'll ask papa to buy me a baby carriage for my dollie." Her brother, a precocious youngster of 5, overhearing the remark, exclaimed: "Well, you'd better strike him for it right away, for if you wait till you get well you'll never get it."

Johnny, aged 5, was preparing to visit the menagerie, and became very angry with his aunt, who was assisting with his toilet. Arriving at the menagerie, his attention was attracted to a strange-looking foreign animal. "What is that animal, mamma?" he asked. "That is an anteater, Johnny," was the reply. "Oh, dear," said the little fellow, with a sigh, "I wish we'd brought Aunt Mary along."

Willie, the little 5-year-old son of a minister, had been playing in the yard, and, becoming thirsty, he ran into the house and asked for some water. His mother was engaged at some task and said: "Can't you wait awhile, Willie; I'm busy just now." "Well, I suppose I'll have to wait," he replied, "but if I die remember I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink." He got the drink.

STRIKING CONTRASTS.

Differences in the American, Spanish and Cuban Soldiers.

The American soldier, the private in the ranks, is magnificent. The percentage of men rejected to those accepted is unknown in any other service. The very small standing army makes it possible for the men to be selected with the greatest care, both as regards their physical, moral and intellectual requirements. Of every hundred men who seek enlistment, ninety of them are rejected, which insures the accepted ten being very narrowly picked over. Even now, when the emergency required the regiments to be recruited above the peace strength, the general average has not been much reduced, and the recruit who knew nothing of soldiering until a few weeks ago has borne fatigue as well as the seasoned veteran, and stood unmoved while the bullets went whistling over his head.

The contrast between the American and Spanish soldier is as striking physically as it is every other way. The American private is broad-shouldered and well set up; the Spaniard is small and lithe. But the greatest contrast is in their intellectual status. The American soldier not only follows the plan of campaign with intelligence, but has his own plan, which he frequently considers to be better than his officers'. The Spanish private knows nothing of what goes on around him and has no power of comprehension. He is simply a machine, to obey because he has to, and because he stands in very great fear of his officers.

And as interesting as both the American and Spanish soldier is the Cuban. Smaller even than the Spaniard, living on nothing, ragged, he has brought Spain to her knees. The Cuban, of course, is a fanatic solely. I imagine that very few of the natives have any comprehension of the meaning of the word liberty, although they know very well that Spain has oppressed them, and anything is better than a continuance of Spanish rule. As one sees the Cubans, their brown bodies visible through their rags, their general air of neglect, he may laugh at the Cuban idea of soldiering, but he must still respect them for what they have done.—Cuban Correspondent London Chronicle.

Singing Bullets.

A soldier from Santiago says: One of the first things I discovered about the Mauser bullet was its peculiar note as it flew through the air. One could hear them sing over the picket lines with a high, clear note that was totally different from the ping of a leaden ball of larger caliber. The effect of a Mauser ball in striking a man is peculiar. During the advance on El Caney I was nipped in the leg at a range of about 1,000 yards, but I knew nothing of it until I found myself on the ground sprawling in the mud. A slight burning sensation in the calf led me to investigate, and there I found a small hole not larger than a pea. The bullet had passed out the other side of the leg without tearing the flesh. There was little hemorrhage and scarcely any pain from the wound. I saw one trooper who was shot through the thigh sit upright on the ground and examine the injury with as much nonchalance as if it had been a pin prick. Another had been shot through the shoulder-blade, and I believe the bone was not shattered. The wounds heal quickly where there is good antiseptic treatment.

African Fireflies.

In some parts of Central and South Africa a single firefly gives so much light that it illuminates a whole room. The British residents catch them in order to find the matchbox or lamp.